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From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling Letters."

(Concluded from page 82.)

Norwood, Surrey (near London),

May 25, 1852.

These are hard times, and many a light has gone out! * God preserve you to me, and grant us a joyful meeting, and let not one of ours be wanting! You will receive this letter again from the country house, from which I wrote you three years ago in November the last time before my return. I have come out here for a few days, to collect my thoughts and rest myself a little, just as I was obliged to do physically then. Everything is pretty much here as it was: my room is precisely the same; all the music in the cupboard stands in the same old spot; the people just as considerate and quietly attentive as they were then, and over them, as well as over the house, the three years have passed as gently, as if they had not been uprooting half the world. This is pleasant to see; only now it is gay Spring with apple blossoms and lilacs and all kinds of flowers, and then it was Autumn with fog and chimney fires; it gives much to think of. But as I wrote you then with nothing else to say, but "till we meet again," so I must do this time also; it will indeed be much more serious, and I shall bring no "Liederspiel" with me which I could compose here in my room, as I did the former one; but Heaven only grant that I may find you all well.

You write, dear Fanny, that I ought to hasten back with double speed, in order to secure if possible the situation at the Academy. But that I shall not do. I shall come back as soon as I can, because father wrote me that he wished it. In a fortnight I intend to set off. But only for that reason; the other would rather tend to detain me, could there be another in this case; for I will in no way seek the appointment. The reasons which father advanced against it some time ago, when I reminded him of the proposal of the Director, and when he said to me, that he regarded this position rather as a sinecure for later years, "when the Academy might remain for me as a harbor," are entirely correct; and for the next few years I have little disposition to seek this or any other situation; for I intend to live by what I write, as I am now doing here, and I am resolved to be independent. Besides, in the peculiar position of the Academy, with the small salary it can offer, and the great influence it can possess,—the place of Director seems to me a kind of honorary post, for which I should not like to sue. If they should offer it to me, I would accept it, because I promised it to them before; but only for a specified time and on certain conditions. And if they do not offer it, my presence will be of no use; for I have no need to prove to them my capacity for the office, and I cannot and will not intrigue. Besides, for the reasons which I gave in a former letter, I cannot leave

England until after the 11th, and before then the matter probably will be decided.

I wish therefore to have no step taken for me in any way whatever, except that of which father has already written me, relating to my speedy return; but nothing which should look like solicitation; and when they make their choice, I hope they may get a man, who may carry on the work with as much zeal as old Zelter.

I received the intelligence in the morning, just as I was about to write to him; then came a rehearsal of my new piano piece with its wild gaiety, and when the musicians clapped, and complimented me, it seemed to me again as if I were in a foreign land. Then I came out here, and found the places and the men unchanged; then Hauser suddenly arrived, and we fell into each other's arms, and thought of the merry time of the preceding autumn in South Germany, and how much had passed away during the past half year; and your sad news stood always present and too real, and kept coming up before the mind. In this way I have spent these last days here. Forgive me that I cannot write well. This evening I must go to town again, to play, and so too tomorrow, Sunday, and Monday.

I have yet one request to make to you, dear father. It relates to the Cantatas of Sebastian Bach, which Zelter possessed. If you can by any means prevent their being disposed of before I return, pray do so, for I wish at any price at least to see them all together before they are dispersed.

I might have written you of many pleasant things that have happened during these last weeks, for every day brings me new proofs, that the people like me, and are glad to live with me; and that rejoices me again, and makes life easy and pleasant to me; but to-day I cannot. Perhaps by the next time I shall have become restored enough, to resume my historical order. Many greetings from the Moscheles; they are excellent people, and it is really refreshing to me, after so long a time, to meet once more an artist, who is not devoured by envy, jealousy and miserable self-love. He makes continual progress in his art.

But out there the warm sun is shining, so I will go out into the garden, perform a few gymnastics, and smell of the lilac blossoms; you see by this that I am well.

London, June 1.

On the day that I received the news of Zelter's death, I really thought that I should become seriously ill from it; nor have I been able to get the better of it during the whole of the past week. But now my manifold engagements have drawn me out, and restored me to myself. Now I am well again, and I am busy.

First of all, dear father, I must thank you for your friendly letter. It is perhaps in great part already answered by my former one; yet I will repeat why I shall send no written application to the committee. In the first place I acceded at

the time to your first opinion, that the situation at the Academy was not a desirable one for the beginning of my career; so that I could only accept it for a certain time, and under certain conditions, and only to keep the promise I then made. But if I sue for it, then I must take it, as they give it, and submit to their conditions in regard to salary, duties, &c., although I do not know what they are. In the second place the reason they assigned to you, why I should write, does not seem to me to be a straight-forward and a true one. They say, they would like to be certain that I would accept it, and therefore I must place myself among the competitors. But when they offered it to me three years ago, Lichtenstein told me, that they did so only for the sake of knowing whether I would take it, and wished me to express my mind distinctly about it. At that time I said yes; I was willing to carry it on along with Rungenhagen. I do not know whether I should think so now; but I consented then, it is too late to change it, and I must keep my word. It is not necessary to repeat my yes; for when I have once given it, I stand by it. Still less can I do, when I should have to offer myself for that, which was then offered to me. If they were disposed to keep their word, they would not require of me a step which they took themselves three years ago; but they would remember my assent, and they must know that I cannot break such a promise.

There is no need therefore of a confirmation of my promise; my letter could change nothing in this regard; and if they wish to award the situation to another, my letter would not prevent them. Furthermore I must refer to a letter from Paris, in which I told you, that I wanted to come to Berlin in the Spring, because that was the only city in Germany, with which I was still unacquainted. This is my serious opinion; I do not know how I should be situated in Berlin, or whether I should be able to remain there, that is, whether I should find as easy a prospect there for working and producing, as is opened to me in other places. The only house I know in Berlin is our own, and that I shall feel happy again there, I know. But I must also be able to be active, and this I shall find out upon my return. I hope it will all go as I desire, for of course that will always be the dearest spot to me, where you live; but before I know this to a certainty, I should not like to bind myself by a position.

I must conclude, because I have an infinite deal to do, to get ready to set off after the next Philharmonic. I must publish various things before I go; but I receive commissions from so many sides, and part of them such pleasant ones, that it really comes hard to me not to undertake them. Among others I received a note this morning from a publisher, who wishes to issue two large pieces of church music in score, one for morning and one for evening service. You can imagine how the proposal pleased me, and how I shall immediately execute it in the Leipziger Strasse. I mean to keep "The Hebrides" by me for

* He had received the news of Zelter's death.

awhile, before I arrange it for four hands; but the new Rondo is coming, and I must finish those everlasting *Lieder* for the piano, and several arrangements, and probably the Concerto. I played it last Monday at the Philharmonic, and perhaps was never so successful in my life. The people went almost crazy, and thought it was my best work.

Now I am going to Moscheles' concert, to conduct, and to play the Concerto by Mozart, in which I have introduced two long cadenzas for each of us.

FELIX.

The Central Park in New York.

(From the Tribune.)

When the blossoms have fallen from the trees, and buds begin to form; when the early flowers burst from their green folds, and the atmosphere is burdened with their rare and delicate odors; when the young birds shake off domestic ties and venture half-fledged dissipations, seeking wild oats and other natural delicacies upon their personal responsibility; when the face of the earth is fairly transfigured by the magic of reviving Summer; when anxious meditations are given in town and country to the development of fashion's airiest comforts; when straw hats begin to show which way the wind blows, and gossamer robes invite caresses from the gentlest breezes of the year;—then fade the charms of brick and dust and crowded thoroughfares, and yearnings toward health and freedom, the fields, and streams, usurp their place. The clamor of the street oppresses; highway garbage, stimulated to new varieties of rankness by official neglect and the rays of the Summer sun, no longer intoxicates the soul, and the Russ pavement ceases to be a joy forever. Then sets in the fever which in desperate cases finds its only efficacious treatment in the water-place cure. Then begins the search for felicities more or less rural, according to the means and taste of the seeker. And then, to those whom necessity fastens to a city season, are suddenly developed the glories and the blessings of our home watering-place and Summer retreat, the Central Park.

It is the period when nature is most seductive, and when, if ever, the imagination strays from dull, urban routine, and wanders toward the picturesque. Those whom fortune enables to fulfill their inclinations, dart northward or westward to the hills or to the lakes. But there are vast proportions of Manhattan which cannot go to the mountains, and so are thankful that, in a modified way, the mountains have been brought to Manhattan—at least the features which constitute the popular part of their attractiveness. For here, at the Park, are hills which, if not of measureless altitude, possess, like Commodore Nutt, a great deal of character in their compact form; valleys which deserve to be exalted beyond the power of humble prose, lakes whose tranquil beauty breeds envy of the swans that sleep, but do not sing, upon their bosoms; tangled glades and fragrant dellies as full of romance as their visitors may please to make them. Here are the highest graces of art wedded to the best that nature can be made to do in the heart of a metropolis; more genuine *rus* than ever before was compressed into so few acres of *urbis*: better effects, in their endeavor at faithful resemblance to what the distant country affords, and more harmonious contrasts of rich architectural adornment than can be found in similar space at Versailles, or the Bois de Boulogne, or the best English parks. All this, to be sure, is but the outline and the germ of what a few years will bring forth, and when looked at by the light of foreign achievements in the same direction, must be considered as yet unripe and immature; but in spite of all, the Central Park, to-day, taken at disadvantage, en deshabille, its toilet only half completed, its coiffure hardly begun, shines above most of the finished and elaborate Gardens of the Old World. It is the symmetry of its conception, the excellence of the design, that gives it such advantages. The plan, from the first, was the best that could be devised, and the details in working it out develop its superiority day by day, as they progress.

The pleasure-seeking multitude gives little thought perhaps, to plans or details, and cares nothing for the question whether this park surpasses other parks in one or another particular. It does, however, thoroughly appreciate and enjoy what it finds, and has the good sense to improve the benefits which, are here vouchsafed it. Ever since the Summer's first beaming, the people have been fully alive to the attractions of the Park, and the Park has been alive with them. From morning till nightfall, and sometimes later, its high and by-ways have been explored by

contented visitors. Nurses ramble with their charges of a morning; in the afternoon it is the rendezvous of the more fashionable and possibly more celestial host, and even after sunset, its shades and shelter continue to attract. As the season advances, the crowds augment, and now that the concert term has opened, there are days when Broadway itself seems not more animated. The return of the music was the signal for a fine gathering last Saturday afternoon. For the first concert of the year a better day could not have been bespoken, although toward evening the sky was uncomfortably over-shadowed, and the sullen atmosphere presaged a storm. But the day was brilliant, and the park was never brighter. The lawns were studded with lively and ever-changing groups; the avenues rang with the clatter of hoofs and wheels. The winding walks echoed with acclamations of the occasion. The Terrace was thronged with fair ladies attentive to the music, and gallant gentlemen attentive to the ladies. The waters were sprinkled with dainty craft, whose costly freighters were radiant to the glory of milliners and tailors. The green recesses of the "Ramble" were replete with congenial searchers for partial solitude, and every rocky promontory was tufted with observant clusters serenely scrutinizing the busy scene spread out around and beneath them. The Park was just full enough for comfort and interest. It wore its best aspect, and seemed to have put forth its freshest green for the occasion.

What is most striking in the Central Park is its variety. It is hard to realize what its limits actually are from any point of view. In a line about equal to the distance between two of the city avenues are properly disposed streams and ponds and groves and mimic mountains. Yet there is no appearance of unnatural compactness. The artifice is perfectly concealed. Take any section of the Versailles Gardens and they look as if they had just come out of curl papers in the morning. Everything there is cleverly arranged on purpose that you shall admire or be astonished. Here you enjoy without troubling yourself to discover why, although investigation, if you like it, is well rewarded. There are real marvels of detail which invite minute consideration. Some of the bridges are works of art; parts of the decorations on the terrace, though not yet finished, are worth many a careful glance. We have no objection to ranking as enthusiasts upon this general subject. Let any person betake him to the Park of a favorable time—of a concert day, since then it is most luminously adorned—and resist enthusiasm if he can. There is no need to point out the special attractions. They reveal themselves after a little seeking. But on one or two points we must be heard. We adjure visitors to be tender with the deer, in the first place. They are a sensitive race, and punctilious to a degree. Any attempt to trifle with their horns is resented with fearful indignation. Also, let us give warning against the practice of exhorting the swans to sing. The swan is a polite thing of water, and is reluctant to refuse, although we all know that that song—it has a dying fall. The peacock will warble all the day, as he unfolds his wondrous tail, so that natural melody may be found without troubling the swans. To young ladies of tender temperament we would hint that they be not too suddenly moved from their compositions on hearing that there is a Hansom cab-driver in the Park. He is not dangerous, and a little orthographical reflection will explain that his title relates to his calling and not his personal men. We admonish antagonists of the eccentric not to lavish disapprobation upon this vehicular envoy from the streets of London. The Hansom, though now unfamiliar, will soon, we trust, become the most popular conveyance of all. An infusion of Hansoms would add spirit to the avenues of the Park, which are now too much blackened with the regular square-fashioned couch. The equestrians are too few, as yet, to make a just balance, although there are gentlemen, and ladies, too, who ride well and daringly.—Every Saturday afternoon, be it remembered, the concerts are repeated. Sunshine will always be applied for, and, if possible, secured. And with these two conditions, and with the inviting qualities of the place itself, which are perennial and do not wait for Saturdays to demonstrate themselves, the Central Park offers the most healthful, cheering, innocent, and inspiring diversions that New-York can now present.

The influence of Music on the Intellectual Powers.

In our blessed and favored country there are but two roads to distinction—riches and superior intellect,—and the acquisition of the first is open to all by the free exercise of the latter, added to steady industry. It is natural therefore that the

intellectual powers should be held in high estimation among us and carefully fostered; not only in our system of education but also in our amusements. In fact their influence on the intellectual powers is the first thing considered. We see this fact illustrated by the very general preference given to those public amusements, which appear to be most intellectual,—lectures of any kind, and, among the exhibitions of arts, those of paintings. We will not stop here to inquire, whether or not, as is sometimes asserted, an undue preponderance is allowed in our general estimation, to the powers of intellect, over those of the heart or over our moral powers; but will enter at once upon our object—to reclaim the art of music from the neglect under which it suffers on account of its apparent disadvantage in this respect, as compared with its sister arts.

Music has been hitherto very generally considered only in the light of a pleasant recreation, and we may divide the large number of those, who enjoy it as such into two classes,—those, who practice or hear it in good faith for their own enjoyment of the sweetness of musical tones, and those, who do so merely on account of fashion or for society's sake, it being a "gentle accomplishment" and a commodious beguiler of spare time in social parties. Both classes concur in drawing from music only enjoyment for the outward sense of the ear; they want and enjoy only *sweet tones*. Neither their intellect nor their heart are engaged in it, and thus they of course do not admit any influence of this art on the intellectual powers. Hence the little interest which is felt for it among graver business men. It is a trifling amusement unworthy of the matured intellect. Hence the neglect, which it experiences among young men. They are too proud to devote their time to this unmeaning pursuit. Hence finally the superficial manner in which ladies study it—they must learn it as an accomplishment made necessary by the laws of fashion, but they learn it as a trifling playing. In this state of things we find also an explanation of the undue preference, which is given to vocal over instrumental music, since the former gives in the words some food for the intellect, however little it may generally be. It explains to us also the favor with which that quantity of worthless music is received which inundates our music shops, that host of unmeaning songs, in which the words and the music have not the least connexion and the composer has only tried to hit upon the sweetest melody which he can find: and those innumerable marches and quicksteps, all of them with the same eternal primitive harmony, an alternate change between the chords of the Tonic and the Dominant.

It is very true that we receive our first perceptions, not only of music but of all the arts, through our senses, through eye and ear, and therefore the first enjoyment of them is a sensual one. Certain combinations, consecutive or simultaneous, of tones or of colors will delight, while others will displease us. This is purely animal instinct, which we share in a greater or less degree with the whole animal world. The dog will howl on hearing unpleasant sounds, the spider will approach from its web the performer on hearing sweet concords, but will start back in fright at discords, and the serpent will leave its hole and draw quietly near at the sound of pleasant music. Our enjoyment should however go beyond this,—our spiritual nature should partake in it,—it should be rational to make it truly the enjoyment of art.

This certainly cannot be expected to be furnished by such music as the songs and quicksteps just mentioned, but the range is nevertheless almost inexhaustible, of music in which that spirit lives, which makes it worthy of the art; from the most simple national airs, the direct effusions from uncorrupted and unsophisticated feeling, to the highest harmonic combinations of the greatest master spirits. All this music cannot fail to have a great and salutary influence on our intellectual powers as well as our feelings, if we will allow it a free operation upon our mind. It is in vain to hope for any influence on us as long as we will not give our undivided attention to the music, and this requisite is equally shared by all

the other arts or employments. We must follow the thread of a discourse, in order to gain new thoughts, new information from it, instead of being satisfied with culling amusement from the anecdotes or sallies of wit, which may be occasionally introduced into it. We must not be satisfied with the mere easy and pleasant versification of a poem, or our intellect will not be enriched by its perusal.

If we give our full attention to music, its first influence will be to throw our soul open to new feelings,—a new world opens,—we forget ourselves and our usual selfishness, we feel as in a dream. But presently the *imagination* will rise and carry us to distant spheres or back to the scenes of our childhood, and as the music proceeds image after image will pass before our soul, and thus one of our intellectual powers will be brought into full play. But we go further. As the order and connexion in the music, its consistency, its unity of conception are perceived these vague images will assume a more definite shape and thoughts will grow out of them. A thread will be discovered running through the whole, and linking its single parts together as one whole. Our thoughts will follow this thread and the whole will gain life. The composer stands before us in his music. Our *understanding* will come in and trace the designs of the composition; we try to follow the intentions and purposes of the composer as we can perceive them in his different themes, their connexion and their modulations; in so doing we see not the man before us, but the genius, and our own mind will raise itself on the wings of this genius, and expand to lofty, noble thoughts and high resolutions. And now the third intellectual power, *memory*, will try to fix and retain that, which fleeting passes before our senses. We try to remember those strains, those harmonies, which exerted such a powerful influence over our mind and soul, and thus all our intellectual powers will be exerted in the enjoyment of this art.

If this be the case in hearing music, how much more must it be so in performing it. Here we have not only to feel the composer's intentions, but we have to give expression to them; and while our feelings and imagination seize upon the spirit of the piece, our understanding has to watch over the performance, nay, over each note of it, that we give it the true and right expression.

If it be a well-established fact that every exercise of our intellectual powers improves and strengthens them, then of course the enjoyment of music must have that influence also. But the study of this art has a still more direct influence on the improvement of our intellectual powers. As every other art, so that of music has its science, the science of the combination of sounds. It lays down the fundamental laws, on which all these combinations must be based and which the nature of sounds acknowledges as the only true ones. And this we consider in itself as one of the highest tasks which the human intellect can propose to itself, the study into the fundamental laws of nature; for it is inexhaustible and will every where show us the greatest order and the greatest wisdom,—that is the greatest simplicity and the greatest adaptation to the object of the laws. This is eminently the case with the study of the science of music. Into how few and simple fundamental rules may that immense variety of possible musical combinations be condensed! How logically and mathematically exact is the whole theory built up on these rules! And yet the science is not yet exhausted, but admits of new discoveries, and even still simpler rules for the foundation of the whole structure may possibly yet be found. Notwithstanding this simplicity of the fundamental rules, however, the study of the theory of music requires the application of all our mental energies and the exertion of all our intellectual powers, from the wide extent and variety of their application and from the correctness with which the whole system is built up on them.

This study is considered as the exclusive department of the professor. We wish it might

be more general. Our young men learn in schools a thousand things with great labor, apparently only to forget them as soon as they leave the school. What use do most men make in after life of Latin, or history, or mathematics, or of many other studies of the school? And why are they pursued? Simply, in order to exercise the mind generally, in order to strengthen the intellect, and to make application of the knowledge thus acquired in facilitating other more necessary studies. Our mental powers want exercise, in order to acquire their full strength. And this is one reason, why some professions comprise such a galaxy of brilliant talent, for instance the profession of law. The constant practice of analyzing cases, of mentally dissecting them, gives to the members of the profession a general acuteness of intellect. This same influence the study of the science of music must exert in an eminent degree, for there is no science that admits of a more systematical and beautiful analysis. On the other hand we open by this study, to ourselves, the otherwise hidden beauties of the finest, of the most noble compositions, and insure their full enjoyment. Nay, also, for the practice of music the study of the science is of great value; it sharpens our ear, by engaging our mind to assist its perceptions.

And lastly, even the mere practice of music requires exertion of our intellectual powers, for it is based on systematic principles which our minds must observe. The tone of instruments is not accidentally formed, nor that of the voice. On our constantly observing the right principles of producing the tone, the beauty of it depends, and therefore the mere technical part of the execution requires the exertion of our mental faculties. But this is the least. It gives us only the means of expression of which the right application depends on our having by intellect and feeling rightly understood the subject which we are to express, on the true conception of the whole as a whole, on the concerted and vigorous action and engagement in it of both mind and soul of the performer.

Let us try thus to take up the art and its productions, and we shall soon find that it calls into action the noblest powers of our intellect and that it materially contributes to improve our whole man, both in heart and intellect.

Mozart's *Fantasia* and *Sonata* in C minor.

An enterprising London firm is preparing, we understand, a complete edition of the pianoforte Sonatas of Mozart, edited by Mr. Charles Hallé. If this be true, let us hope that Mr. Hallé will carefully separate the Sonata in C minor and the *Fantasia* in the same key, which have hitherto, in every edition we have seen, been carefully put together, as though they formed a single work, whereas they have really no connection with each other. They are not merely complete in themselves, but were even composed in different years.

If any one particular composition of Mozart, for pianoforte without accompaniment, may be singled out as a quasi-prophecy of Beethoven, it is probably the Sonata in C minor, composed in October, 1784. In the first and last movements especially we find indications of what Beethoven at first—no doubt unconsciously—in great measure appropriated, and subsequently elaborated and developed with that wonderful richness of imagination which has placed him at the head of all composers for instruments. The slow movement, however, is Mozart pure—untouched, unapproached, and imitable, whether the unimpeded flow and exquisite simplicity of its melody, or the warmth and at the same time unaffected grace of its expression, are taken into consideration. Nothing is known of the *Fantasia* in the same key, except that it was written in May 1785. It might be imagined just the sort of thing Mozart would have improvised. Notwithstanding its peculiar form (or want of form), few of Mozart's compositions are more crowded with beautiful melodies, happy surprises, rich and ingenious combinations of harmony. Mr. Macfarren, in a very interesting essay upon Mozart and his works (published in the *Musical World*, 1849), seems like the rest of the world, to connect the *Fantasia* and Sonata in C minor as one work. "Great as is the merit," says the distinguished composer and critic, "of his (Mozart's) many pianoforte works, his solo *Fantasia* and Sonata in C minor will ever stand out, even from among them, as

a composition of singular power; and it is remarkable as containing—most particularly in the last movement—a complete prototype of the peculiar style which modern critics distinguish as Beethovenish, and which in the middle works of the great author of *Fidelio* is recognized as his most salient characteristic."

Both *Sonata* and *Fantasia* are to be found in the catalogue, drawn up in Mozart's own handwriting, of works composed between February 9, 1784, and November 15, 1791, and published by J. André, of Offenbach on the Maine. The 145 compositions, great and small, produced during that interval, however, do not represent all the labor of Mozart in those fertile years; for, without reckoning the many pieces he gave away, and of which he kept no copies, the *Requiem*, and in all probability the two masses in C major (published by Breitkopf and Härtel, as Nos. 1 and 2), belong to the same period. Among the most extended compositions for the pianoforte without accompaniments, and those through which, as it has been hinted, he may be said to have foreshadowed the marvellous labors of Beethoven in the same direction, are the Sonatas in A minor (not in the catalogue), C minor (October, 1774), F major (January 1788), in B flat (February 1789), D major (July 1789), &c. The preference of Mozart, however, was for the pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments, or in conjunction with other instruments, *obligati*, in the various forms of chamber music.—This is shown by the small number of important and extended works which he has left for the instrument *solus*, when compared with the vast number of his concertos, &c. The sonatas above specified, however, besides some half dozen others, and among the rest those introduced by Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé at the Monday Popular Concerts, triumphantly prove that inclination in one way, not inability in the other, led to this disparity.—*London Musical World*.

Cherubini and Beethoven.

A correspondent wishes us to tell him something about Cherubini, and something about Cherubini's conduct to Beethoven on a certain occasion which has been frequently discussed.

Cherubini, then, one of the greatest and most justly renowned of musical composers, was born at Florence, September 8, 1769, and died in 1843, at Paris, where he was successor to Paer, and predecessor of Auber, as Director of the *Conservatoire*. The following account of his studies is affixed, in his own handwriting, to the catalogue of his works:

"I began to learn music at the age of six, and composition at nine; the elements being taught me by Bartolomeo Cherubini, professor of music—my father. My first two instructors in composition were Bartolomeo Felici, and Alessandro Felici, his son. At the year 1777 or 1778 I obtained a pension from the Grand Duke Leopold, to continue my studies, and to perfect myself with the celebrated Giuseppe Sarti, under whom I worked for three or four years. It was by the counsels and the lessons of this great master that I acquired my knowledge of counterpoint and dramatic music. As an exercise to me, and to assist him in his labors, he made me sit by him and compose all the airs of the secondary characters of his operas. These pieces, which did not appear under my name, and none of which I possess, are not included in the present catalogue, but are to be found in the various scores of my master."

Cherubini excelled equally as a composer for the church and the theatre. He wrote more than thirty operas and several Masses, which may rank with any similar productions. When *Faniska* was produced at Vienna (1805), Haydn and Beethoven simultaneously proclaimed the author of the work the greatest dramatic composer of his time. The *Deux Journées*, as a comic opera, stands nearer to Mozart than anything else of its class. Beethoven's high opinion of Cherubini was often expressed; and it is gratifying to know that the letter written by the composer of *Fidelio* about the *Missa Solemnis*, No. 2, and to which no answer arrived, actually never reached the hands of Cherubini, who was not aware of its existence till after Beethoven's death.

The three quartets which have all been played at the Monday Popular Concerts, with the exception of a sonata for two organs, six solo sonatas, and a *fantasia* for the pianoforte, constitute all the Chamber music from the pen of this great musician which has hitherto come to light. Much more, however, is supposed to exist in manuscript.

Church Music in New York and Brooklyn.

[From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.]

[We copy the following for its facts, and not for its opinions. It is clearly written from a theatrical "dead-head" point of view.—Ed.]

Church-music is a branch of fine art which has always appeared to us eminently deserving of public notice, if not of careful criticism; and yet it is some-

what surprising that none of our musical critics have turned their attention thereto. The most elaborate criticisms have been devoted to the opera, which, in many instances, is produced in a very feeble and inefficient manner, while the immortal lyrical gems of the oratorio, so beautifully rendered in many of our churches, have been entirely ignored.

Whatever be the style or character of music, it always exercises the same benign influences over the soul. Be it sentimental or comic, tragic or light, it will ever awaken the same kindred feelings and emotions. Yet people possess different tastes in regard to the charming art divine as well as to other matters. Some indulge in the ecstatic light and pleasing melodies of the "Sommambulist," while others become fascinated with the profound tragic lyricism of "Lucretia Borgia." Some revel in the vocal comicalities of the "Barber of Seville," while many prefer the weird and thrilling movements of the "Creation." Hence, we have known many fervent lovers of music who never patronized the opera, and yet were the most enthusiastic admirers of the oratorio—those who perceive more sublimity of expression and solemn grandeur of music in the "Stabat Mater" and the wailing progressions of the "Kyrie Eleison," than in the most charming melodies of "Norma" or "Il Trovatore." There are besides, many persons of exquisitely fine tastes and musical accomplishments, who entertain a strong prejudice towards the stage, and who, considering the production thereon of those sacred compositions a sacrilege, attach themselves to church choirs, and by their fine conception of the music combined with the force of their religious devotion, interpret it in a manner to defy competition. We have always been impressed with the conviction that those sacred *moreceau* of the oratorios and the masses, rendered by competent choristers, bestow a charming and soothing influence upon the refined and sensitive mind, which secular music can never afford. Its solemn sweetness calms the anxieties of the mind, dispels the grossness and sordid materialism naturally attached thereto, and fashions it in purer and more ethereal mould. It strengthens the Christian faith, elevates the soul, and brings humanity nearer to its Creator. Indeed it produces a transition from Erebus to Elysium.

The *libretti* of our churches contain many of the most sublime compositions of the great masters, including Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, Handel, Natividad, Mendelssohn, and other composers who have enhanced the world with their divine lyricisms; and we have also in those churches artists as competent of interpreting them as can be found upon any stage; many of whom, indeed, seem to possess vocal powers peculiarly adapted to the rendition of sacred song. When it is considered that several of the most distinguished operatic luminaries are engaged in our churches, and achieve their greatest triumphs in sacred music, it may be deemed somewhat culpable in our musical critics to overlook the fact, as it not only withdraws from the lovers of the art divine a knowledge of the compositions contained therein, but in reserving the flattering encomiums which many of the performers so justly deserve. For our part, we candidly confess that we have heard Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the "Prayer" from "Moses in Egypt," and various other concerted pieces given with more artistic precision, and finer vocal effect, in some of our churches, than we have ever heard them rendered by opera companies, with their "famous bassi and tenori," and "powerful chorus." And why? Simply, we opine, because church vocalists approach their duties with more zeal, attention, and enthusiasm, and are not often prone to the whimsical shortcomings which so frequently and disastrously affect the others. Besides, they seem to enter, body and soul, into the burthen of the theme, and infuse an intensity of feeling and pathos into its execution, seldom, if ever, witnessed upon the lyric stage.

Becoming convinced, therefore, that a column of the leading weekly newspaper of the age devoted to church music and church singers would not only constitute an acceptable feature therein, but still further enhance the value of the publication which has always been remarkable for the highly intellectual order of its literature, it is the intention of the writer to furnish a graphic report from week to week of the musical compositions performed each week, in the leading churches of this city and Brooklyn, with the names of the artists engaged therein, and their respective abilities in interpreting those sacred gems. Nor is it our intention, in so doing, to become hypercritical, or to bestow unnecessary censure or adjudication upon those occupying the less distinctive positions, but rather to be just, lenient, and respectful to all, save where suggestion may be considered beneficial, and give "honor to whom honor is due."

As the choirs in some churches are much superior to those of others, and as the directors and congre-

gations of these churches take a just and laudable pride in vying with each other in the selection of their music, we not only deem it just to them, but beneficial to the reader, to give a true and impartial statement of the manner in which those selections are presented, and to direct the admirers of sacred music to places where it is rendered in the most charming and artistic manner.

TRINITY CHURCH.

Old Trinity was, a few years ago, famous for its choir. It was proverbially one of the strongest and most effective in the city. It was really a musical treat to visit it when the distinguished Dr. Hodges was its conductor, and he was surrounded by a galaxy of talent unsurpassed by any choir in New York. But a wonderful change has come over it since then. Our visit to it, on last Sunday, was comparatively a sad disappointment. We listened for the once exquisite strains of the soprano in vain. The deep and sonorous tones of the basso had deserted us, and the shrill, sweet cadences of the tenor had passed beyond the walls. The general aspect of the church seemed to indicate a serious deficiency on this account—for the countenances of the visitors, as they cast their longing glances toward the choir, seemed to wear an expression of chagrin and disappointment.

Dr. Hodges, having been granted an absence of twelve months to recruit his failing health, another gentleman was created his representative, and has since remained so. It has been during his leadership that the change has been produced which is so deeply regretted, for we are informed, that shortly after his obtaining the position, he removed the leading female vocalists, much to the sorrow and displeasure of all parties connected with the church.

However, they have still a powerful choir, such as it is. It is composed, when there is a full attendance, of twenty-four voices—eighteen boys and six gentlemen (the latter, however, only occasionally assist.) There is not a female voice to relieve the monotony of the vocal score. The services are principally chanted in unison, consequently solos, duets, trios, and all concerted pieces are dispensed with. The "Te Deum" is chanted in accurate time and harmony, and the responses to the Commandments are very creditably sustained. But we imagine that the congregation must sadly miss those soul-stirring seraphic voices which were once so familiar to their ears.

HIGH MASS AT ST. PATRICK'S.

We suppose when we say St. Patrick's, the reader understands it as St. Patrick's Cathedral—the headquarters—when he is in quarters—of Archbishop (alias Cross John) Hughes. This church has been rendered famous by its Oviedo golden weddings and has always enjoyed the reputation of employing a good choir. It is not now, however, the best, nor one of the best, choirs in our churches. But still it has a well-equalized quartet, comprising tenor, basso, soprano, and contralto. These, too, are accomplished musicians, and whoever visits the Cathedral may depend upon hearing sacred music as it should be executed.

Last Sunday they sang Haydn's Mass in B flat, No. 4. The veteran organist of this church, Mr. D. R. Harrison, is leader of the choir, and his patriarchal expression, when he sits at the organ, is an incentive to comply with the verb "sing." The priest ascends the altar, and then the "Kyrie Eleison" is struck up *en forte*. Mrs. Sweeney, the venerable [!] soprano of this choir, sings with her pristine power and strength, "Kyrie Eleison," "Christe Eleison," and then the force of the choir is brought into requisition. Gonzales at his semi-quaver time, takes up the theme, and the tenor follows. Harrison springs upon the pedals of the organ, and the church is an uproar of music. Faithful members turn their eyes languidly toward the choir, as though they wished they were all choristers. The Kyrie Eleison was done in fine style. There was not a bar missed. It thrilled the entire congregation.

The Gloria in Excelsis followed, and the little solo sustained by Mrs. Sweeney was absolutely delightful. Mme. Paulitz, taking up the vocal theme, and descending [!] from contralto to mezzo soprano, finished up the sweetest *moreceau* we ever heard. Thus they progressed until the offertory, when a duet by Werner, "O Sparse mi," was sung by Mrs. Sweeney and Mons. Durand. The thrilling, sympathetic tones of the heavenly soprano in this little duetto will be remembered long by the hearer. There is an earnestness and feeling in her voice (to use a vulgar expression) that would chain a man to a bench. We sighed because Mons. Durand did not sustain the duetto as we wished it, because we have heard it given in other churches when the tenor's voice absolutely ran through the edifice. This gentleman, if we may be allowed to use the expression, has a tenor

falsetto voice. His lower register is pleasant—one of those sympathetic voices—but when he attempts to reach the leder lines he is lost.

After the offertory of the Mass came the "Et Incarnatus" (He was made flesh). Madame Paulitz actually surprised us. She had the first solo to herself; and with so much feeling and depth of soul did she sing it, that we imagined for a moment we were in Paradise. Madame Paulitz possesses the finest scope of voice we ever heard escape from a woman's throat. She calls herself a contralto; but she has as fine a mezzo-soprano voice as we have heard in years.

The Mass was finely sung. Mr. Harrison, the obliging and gentlemanly organist, supervises the choir in every respect; and to Mr. Gonzales is due the reputation of being as careful a musician as could be desired. He has a fine voice (basso profundo), and knows how to use it. The choir, generally speaking, is very good. And so we leave St. Patrick's.

THE FIRST OF MAY IN ROME—Presently a loud blast of horns is heard, and the different groups gather together, for it is dinner time. Huge wooden trenches are laid on the ground, with slices of beef and ham cut in Garagantuan proportions; dark looking but fresh loaves, bowls filled with sparkling Roman lettuces and flasks of wine for the artists. Flung down upon the grass in careless ease, in good humor with all around them and with themselves, that most important item in our social enjoyments, the artists dined with satisfactory appetite and infinite merriment. Their vivid dresses, like tulips amid the solemn green prairies around, looked picturesque and romantic. All men, who, either from necessity or choice, habitually task themselves hardly, they arose from the daily pressure with an elasticity and a freedom which was as unusual as it was delightful. Mostly young, the same enthusiasm for Art and Rome, however variously manifested at other times, seemed to establish a bond of fraternity for the moment. The mirth and laughter grew fast, though not furious. Later the more languid groups seemed touched by the magnetism and drew nearer. Then some of the Germans, after a little consultation, withdrew a space and commenced singing. With what precision and harmony they sang can be understood by those who know what German choral singing is. How beautiful! as the melody of these many voices rings out truly and with such perfect accord. There are tears in the eyes of some of the Germans who do not sing. I suppose it carries them away with an unutterable longing from these southern skies to their far distant homes. But those who sing seem to find vent for a thousand feelings in this divine utterance, and are absorbed in it alone. Present enjoyment, past regret, future hope, are all blent in, yet subservient to the music through which these contending feelings are upborne into a region of pure and spiritual triumph. Commonplace as these men might be in the ordinary acceptation of the term, the music crowned them—sinking away in wild notes of inexpressible sweetness, down, down, like the bright Arethusa, through dreary depths of earthly sorrows, or climbing upwards again through echoing galleries of pleading depreciation, till the blue skies are again overhead, and the united streams flow into a blissful sanctuary of calm seraphic joy, and transfigures those who give it voice.

Poetry must be translated; painting is often misunderstood; music is universal as love. Lowell calls it rightly "God's great charity." Whatever utilitarians may assert, music, like color, is a pure gratuitous blessing. Form predicates purpose;—sounds an end, but color and music are unnecessary, and therefore free bounties and divine.—*Godey's Lady's Book*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16.—At the Academy of Music, a short "season," (a season of six nights!) is in progress, given by what Mr. Ullman denominates the "Grand Fifty Cent Combination!" (a fact! vide *N. Y. Herald*!) in other words, the singers of last season, re-inforced by Mesdames D'ANGRI, COMTE-BORCHARD, and HERMANN. They opened on Wednesday night with "Lucrezia Borgia." Madame Borchard was the heroine. For this character she is by no means fitted; small in person, with a light voice, and little dramatic power, the lady ill-represents the beautiful, self-possessed, glorious she-devil, whose maternal love alone unites her to human sympathy. Mad. Borchard's voice is a high soprano,

Sheet music for Chopin's Mazurkas, page 73, featuring six staves of musical notation for piano. The music is in 2/4 time and consists of six staves, each with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The first five staves are primarily composed of eighth-note chords and eighth-note patterns. The sixth staff begins with a sixteenth-note pattern and concludes with a final cadence. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and an asterisk (*) on the first, third, and fifth staves. The dynamic 'fz' (fortissimo) is marked on the third staff. The piece ends with a final cadence and the word 'Fine.'

Chopin's Mazurkas.

Allegretto.

No. 32. *Mezza Voce.*

Op. 50. No. 2.

Mezza Voce.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Sheet music for Chopin's Mazurkas, page 75, featuring six staves of piano music. The music is in 3/4 time and major key. The first staff shows a melodic line with dynamic markings *pp* and *p*. The second staff features a bass line with sustained notes and dynamic markings *Ped.* and **Ped.*. The third staff continues the melodic line with dynamic markings *Ped.* and **Ped.*. The fourth staff shows a melodic line with dynamic markings *Ped.* and **Ped.*. The fifth staff features a bass line with dynamic markings *Sostenuto.*, *Ped.*, and **Ped.*. The sixth staff continues the melodic line with dynamic markings *Ped.* and **Ped.*.

Sheet music for Chopin's Mazurkas, page 76, featuring ten staves of piano music in G major and common time. The music is divided into two systems by a double bar line. The first system consists of staves 1 through 5, and the second system consists of staves 6 through 10. The music includes various dynamics such as *ped.* (pedal), *ff* (fortissimo), *f* (forte), *p* (pianissimo), and *ff* (fortissimo). The first system concludes with a repeat sign and a double bar line, leading into the second system. The second system begins with a dynamic of *p* (pianissimo) and ends with a dynamic of *ff* (fortissimo). The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with occasional rests and grace notes.

clear, but not of telling quality, of considerable acquired flexibility; her style is finished, but cold and full of mannerism; she is essentially a singer of the French school. In the great trio of the second act, in the concluding scene, and in some other portions of the opera, which become such salient points in the hands of artists of the Grisi stamp, Madame Comte-Borchard demonstrated that tragic opera is not her forte. Her costume, too, (*Lucrezia en crino-line!*) was not only historically incorrect, but so unbecoming as to give a ludicrous coloring to some situations, regarded in operatic tradition as tragical. D'Angri and Susini were the soul of the opera; the fine Greek sang as Orsini with genial verve, and her efforts were only clouded by a partial hoarseness, that yet added character to the rôle.

Mad. Hermann sang as *La Fille du Régiment* on Friday. Her début was tolerably successful. She has a soprano voice of only moderate power, either worn or wanting in the medium register, and has more talent as an actress than a singer. Mr. Gottschalk on the piano forte, Mr. Hermann with rings, hats and handkerchiefs, &c., prestidigitated between the acts of the opera on these occasions.

Il Trovatore will be sung to-night; *Linda* tomorrow, and Mr. Ullman's benefit will end his "season."

Miss RITCHINGS, after singing fifty nights in the "Enchantress," is now, in the "Syren," delighting the lovers of English opera (as they call the translated *pasticcio*) at Niblo's Theatre.

There is a house down town, yclept the "Stadt Theatre," which is generally ignored by opera habitués, for one of two reasons, or for both together—that it is *Deutsch*, and that it is located in the Bowery. Here operas occasionally alternate with German plays, and *Frauen ROTTER* and *DUMMLER*, and *Herren QUINT*, *WEINLICH*, &c., sustain the principal musical burdens; and here the "Magic Flute" and "La Sonnambula" have been given within the last three weeks—by no means in even second rate style; but it is something to have the "Magic Flute" within auditorial possibilities, even in the Bowery, when the principal opera house in New York, with something like resources, clings to a stale and worn-out répertoire.

The new Cremorne Gardens, where fruit, ices, and out-door amusements are combined with concert, ballad, and equestrian performances,—PATTI, STRAKOSCH, DUBREUIL, a good orchestra under THOMAS BAKER, the CUBAS, Madame TOURNARE, &c., has proved a success, at least *pro tem.*

Such, with a few concerts by resident artists, and the German choral out of door meetings, has been the music of the past fortnight; light fare, although it might sometimes have been of better quality, and suited to the warm weather.

Reports grow apparently more and more worthy of credit as to the probable appearance of TITJENS and RISTORI here next season; but, remembering certain prudential proverbs, we will not believe until we see, or hear, for ourselves.

ALMA.

HARTFORD, CONN., JUNE 14.—In your valuable paper appear from time to time interesting items relating to the progress of music in different States and cities of the Union. But lately for some cause none from this city, second to none of its size in the country for religious and social intercourse, wealth and position. The object of this letter is not to speak of the prosperity of the city of Hartford, but of its musical privileges and advantages, and of the attention paid to music by its inhabitants. In the first place, I must mention the interest taken in Sacred Music, the most important and precious of all. The superior talent engaged in superintending and directing the music in the different Ecclesiastical Societies, and the elevating, refining, devotional and consistent character of the music used in their worship, justifies them in their opinion, that out of the

city of Boston or New York, no better church music can be heard in this country.

There are several first-class organs, and the organists have sole charge of their respective choirs, which are mostly chorus choirs. In the Centre, at Dr. Hawes's, Mr. J. S. Barnett has been organist and director for nineteen years. Mr. Babcock at Pearl street; at Christ Church Mr. H. Wilson, whose valuable book the "Christ Church collection" should be found in every choir; Mr. Dudley Buck junior, a young man of fine talents at the North Church, and men of energy and talent in the other churches. Often will the religious emotions of the heart be made to throb while listening to the heaven-inspired thoughts of Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others, who so eminently fitted themselves while on earth, for the better and purer praise of heaven.—Here also may be occasionally heard the glorious old German chorals, and the best of the ecclesiastical music of old England. Indeed we have every reason to feel proud of our church music, our choirs, and our organists.

We have also a society, "The Beethoven," having for its object the study and practice of first-class music. This is under the immediate direction of Mr. J. G. Barnett, who has displayed great energy, skill, and taste in its management. Since its organization, three years ago, this society has performed the following works:

The Creation.....	Haydn
Messiah.....	Handel
Seasons.....	Haydn
Passion Music.....	Haydn
Saint Cecilia.....	Van Bree
Transient and Eternal.....	Romberg
The Life of the Blessed.....	J. G. Barnett
Harmony of the Spheres.....	Romberg
Oberon (The entire opera).....	Weber
Hea my prayer.....	Mendelssohn

Also selections from "Elijah," "St. Paul," "Athalia," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Mose in Egitto," "Cenerentola," "Semiramide," "Freischütz," "Trovatore," "Samson," "Stabat Mater," "L'Allegro," "Eli," "Puritani," "Sonnambula," and "Don Juan."

The influence of such music cannot fail of benefiting the whole community, the more particularly, as the material necessary to perform works of so much importance comes from our own families and firesides; and the thanks of the community are due to Mr. Barnett for his untiring and self-sacrificing efforts in ministering to our enjoyments. The "Messiah" was performed to a crowded audience a short time since, with the assistance of the Germania Band of Boston, and Mr. Whitney as principal bass. It was listened to from the beginning to the end with that profound attention so important and sublime a work demanded. The delicacy and perfection of the accompaniments by this talented company of musicians, was the admiration of all assembled. On the following day they performed at the centennial anniversary of one of our Masonic Lodges, to the delight and gratification of a very large and intelligent audience. Among other pieces performed was a Festival Ode, words by John F. Mines, the music composed and arranged for solos and choruses by J. G. Barnett. A sketch of this composition may be interesting. A brilliant chorus announces the assembling of the members of the order for their Festival. Afterwards, they call upon the spirits of the craft "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity," to give an account of what they have wrought during the hundred years. Faith tells how lofty deeds have been accomplished by the child of Faith,

"Forever pointing to the crown,
That rests upon our work well done."

The master and craft respond:

"Tis well! O saintly one,
So mote it ever be,
Thy work, here well begun,
Ends in Eternity."

Hope sings of a holy trust, how she has

"Received the fallen soul,
Clad it in white,
Armed it with light,
And gave the white throne as its goal."

Charity tells how tenderly she has succored the fatherless, dried the widow's tear, flown from heart to heart in sorrow's darkest night,

"Pouring the holy dew,
Of peace and love and light."

The solos were sung by three young ladies; the master parts by Mr. Whitney, whose voice and singing was very much admired. The music was most touching, particularly that of Charity. The melting tones of the fair singer, as she sympathized with the subject, causing a response in every heart, and a moist eye on almost every cheek. We trust Mr. Barnett will have this manuscript published; it is admirably adapted for concert purposes. And we also trust, he will give to the world some others of his compositions. His faithfulness in adapting music to words, and his general good conception of his subjects, render them very effective and pleasing for concert and other performance. I would particularly mention his "Bartimus," "The Pilgrim," and his shorter ones: "The Web of Life," "Education Ode," and some of his Psalms.

I cannot conclude without mentioning the interest I have taken in reading Mr. Barnes's report of the Handel and Haydn Society, and I hope the time is not very far distant, when the allusion he makes to a gathering of the singers from all parts to do homage to the works of the immortal composers, may become a reality. I am sure there may be found a glorious company of intelligent ladies and gentlemen from Worcester, Springfield, Hartford and New Haven that will rejoice in the opportunity of assisting in the performance of some of these mighty works. S.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 16.—Professor FREDK. A. ROESE, one of our most successful German teachers, and late of the Central High School, gave us a charming entertainment in the Foyer of our Academy of Music, on Wednesday evening last, when he was assisted in the musical department by those excellent resident professors, WOLFSOHN, SCHMITZ and HASSSLER. The programme consisted of the Trio, Op. 1, by Beethoven, Andante and Variations for Piano and Violoncello by Mendelssohn, and Fantasie for Piano and Violin by Schubert. Mr. Wolfsohn also contributed the pianoforte melodramatic music by Schumann to Fr. Hebbel's beautiful Ballad of *Schön Hedwig*, a very fine translation of which by Mrs. R. M. Hooper, a pupil of Prof. Roese, was furnished to the audience along with the programme.

Prof. Roese read the first scene of the tragedy from "Faust," in a manner to please the severest German critics present, and there were some there to fear.

His reading of the "Fair Hedwig," was calculated to please the ladies, who may be considered appreciative and understanding hearers in such a delightful love story as this. The music to it, a peculiarity belonging to Germany, was very descriptive and quite appropriate. The less pretentious Ballad of *Der Kaiser und der Abt*, by Buerger, closed the readings. Prof. Roese, however, in addition, delivered a short, too short, lecture on the *Influence of German Literature and Art in America*, in which he displayed great research and understanding of his themes, illustrating his views by many happy references. The occasion was very pleasant and interesting.

GERMANY.

The Schiller Festival at Leipsic, on the 26th of April, was a great success, and consisted of music, recitations, speeches and a supper. Uhland contributed the poetry, and Rubenstein the music. During the day this pithy despatch was sent to Uhlund from friends at Berlin: "Our greeting to thee, Ludwig Uhland, who art the heart of thy people, and we will endeavor to be a people after thy heart."

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Italian Opera closed its representations for this year on the 30th of April. *Lucrezia Borgia* was given with single scenes and arias from the *Sonnambula*, *Otello*, and *Giuramento*; also the buffo aria "Mamma Agata," sung by Zucchini in a woman's dress. Mmes. Penco, Charton-Demeur and Trebelli had been especially admired.—The Opera Comique had in rehearsal a new opera by Gevaert, called "Capitaine Henriot," the text by Victorien Sardou. At the same theatre Felician David's "Lalla Rookh" was presented for the first time; also a revival of Monsigny's opera "Rose et Colas."—At the Grand Opera Auber's "Le Dieu et la Bayadère," with ballet, (first performed in 1830), was revived.

The Concerts of the Conservatoire came to an end about the first of May. Pieces from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and his "Choral Fantasia" (M. St. Saens playing the piano part), were the instrumental selections at the last concert; the German tenor, Stockhausen, sang an aria from Handel's "Julius Caesar"; and for choral performances, "The Heavens are telling," and a chorus from Boieldieu's "Pharamond" were given.—The old enthusiasm about Thalberg has been revived by his visit on his way to the London Exhibition.

GRAND OPERA.—Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* was performed in the first week of May, with M. Dulaurens in the part of Arnold, who was much applauded. Mme. Tedesco renewed her old triumphs as *Fides* in the *Prophète*; *Bertha* was sung by Mlle. Hanackers, and *Jean de Leyden* by Gueymard. Gounod's "Reine de Saba," and the small pieces, "Le Papillon" and "La Voix humaine," followed in the same week.—Gluck's *Alceste* was given for a last time with Mme. Viardot Garcia. Then came the *Prophète* and Tedesco again (with 9,000 francs receipts); *La Favorita*, with Mme. Gueymard as the heroine for the first time, and M. Gueymard as Fernando, both with great success. Mme. Wekerlin-Damoreau, after singing before the Commission the air from *Masaniello*, the romanza from *Tell*, and *Robert, toi que j'aime*, has been engaged for the Opera, and was expected to make her debut in Rossini's *Comte Ory*.

In the last week of May two more representations of *La Favorita* confirmed the success of Mme. Gueymard in the rôle of Leonora. The *Papillon* and *La Voix humaine* took their turn again; and then came a revival of *La Juive*.

THEATRE LYRIQUE. Among the last pieces performed here were: *La Chatte Merveilleuse* (drawing great houses); *La Fille d' Egypte*; and *Le Pays de Cocagne*, a new work, composed by Madame Thys-Sebault. The theatre was to close on the first of May.

The Great Organ in the church of Saint Sulpice has been renovated and enlarged, and was inaugurated on the 29th of April. The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* tells us:

"This ancient Organ, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the celebrated maker, Clicquot, has just been completely reconstructed and enriched with all the perfections of modern art, by the house of A. Cavaillé Coll. It is now the largest organ in Europe. It has five complete manuals and a *pedalier*; 118 sounding registers; 20 couplers, &c., and about 7,000 pipes. The largest pipes are of 32 feet, and the whole compass of tones in the instrument is ten octaves. The interior of the instrument is distributed in seven stories, from the floor of the tribune to the vault, with a height of 18 metres. Four stories are occupied by the mechanism, and the remaining three by the pipes. The keyboards are carried forward in front of the organ, and all the movements, whether of keys or registers, are made by pneumatic levers of a new invention,

used for the first time at Saint Sulpice. Other discoveries, not less important, and the exceptional proportions of the instrument make this organ the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern manufacture."

London.

BACH'S PASSION MUSIC was performed here in the beginning of the month, by the Bach Society, under the direction of William Sterndale Bennett. The *Saturday Review* says of it:

Professor Bennett was fortunate in securing so able a set of professional performers to aid his enthusiastic band of volunteers; but it is chiefly to Mr. Sims Reeves that the success of the performance was owing. It is not, indeed, too much to say that, in the opinion of all the connoisseurs who were present, the great tenor added more to his reputation by his wonderful declamation of the narrative than by any other single achievement within our recollection.—The difficulty of the intervals and the variety and frequency of the recitatives, all of which were sung with the greatest correctness, cannot but have occasioned Mr. Sims Reeves a vast amount of study; and it is in the highest degree creditable to a great public singer, who can command such large sums for singing three or four simple songs in one evening, to devote himself to what most artists would think the ungrateful and unremunerative task of interpreting a long string of cramp recitatives. We have seldom, if ever, heard anything finer than his delivery of many portions of the text of St. Matthew. In the account of St. Peter's denial of Christ, he infused such expression into the words "And he went out and wept bitterly" that it was only his own good sense which stood in the way of an encore. The accompanied recitative, "O grief! now pants his agonizing heart," followed by the song, "With Jesus I will watch and pray," in which the chorus takes up the refrain, "Then fare thee well each darling sin," was admirable.

Of the accompanied airs and recitatives the greatest share fell to the contralto, on this occasion M. Mad. Sainton-Dolby, who sang throughout the evening with a musician-like feeling and a devotional expressiveness which cannot be too highly admired. The soprano has a song and recitative in each part, which Miss Banks gave in a way which left nothing whatever to be desired. Mr. Weiss was the bass, and sang his difficult and responsible part with a breadth and dignity which showed how fully he appreciated his task.

A few words must be devoted to the solo instrumentalists, for they play a very prominent part in the work. Two flutes and two violas are called into frequent requisition in the accompaniments of the airs, they have parts of considerable complexity, requiring both care and skill for their effective performance. Seeing that both our great orchestras were engaged at the Opera-houses, Professor Bennett was lucky to be able to get such efficient soloists as Messrs. Rockstro and Card (flutes), and Messrs. R. Blagrove and Beatons (violas). M. Lavigne, whose splendid oboe-playing is so well known, also distinguished himself frequently during the evening, and particularly in the soprano air, "Jesus, Saviour, I am thine," which Miss Banks gave with admirable taste and purity. Mr. Cooper played the violin obligato to the bass air, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord." Mr. E. H. Hopkins presided at the organ—a very important feature in the performance—and in such hands it is almost needless to state that it was throughout most effective. The piano-forte accompaniments to the narrative recitatives, were played by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, as only a genuine and conscientious musician like him could play them.

Altogether, the performance was one of the most interesting and important musical events which have taken place in London for some time.

Apropos of Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*, we are glad to learn that the performances of this grand and impressive work in Passion-Week, on the Continent, were not confined to Berlin and Vienna. It was given also, at Munich, Leipzig, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Cologne, Stuttgart, and, indeed, at most of the great centres of musical intelligence throughout Germany. Thirty years ago, only a very insignificant portion of the general public knew anything about it. When Mendelssohn first proposed to perform it, he was regarded as a madman. Truly may it be said, that the cause of grand classical music is progressing, despite every obstacle which prejudice, or, what is the same thing, ignorance, may strive to fling in its way. This should, and doubtless will, be an encouragement to Professor Sterndale Bennett and the Bach Society to proceed with more and more vigor in the honorable task they have set themselves.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 21, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's Mazurkas.

Review of the Season.

II.

We have summed up the instrumental music—Symphonies, Overtures, classical chamber music, organ fugues, &c.,—which there have been opportunities of listening to in Boston during the past six months, and have seen that there has been but little falling off of matter or of interest, notwithstanding the grim fact of civil war. Let us now see how it has been with the more important kinds of vocal music.

IV. ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, &c.—We have had, for several years past, only one Oratorio Society, and that the oldest, ablest, and throughout the most of its history the most efficient in the country, the Handel and Haydn Society. The time was when this large body of choristers, from 200 to 350 voices strong, gave oratorio performances almost every alternate Sunday evening throughout the winter, making us familiar with a large number of the Oratorios of Handel ("Messiah," "Samson," "Judas Maccabæus," "Jephthah," "Solomon," "Israel in Egypt," &c.), besides "The Creation," "Elijah," and various shorter-lived productions of less high pretension. Uncertain public patronage, and timid counsels on the part of the Society, even since it has had the whole field to itself, have for a few years past greatly reduced the number of performances, as well as checked the enterprise and the ambition to study and bring out great works out of the round of those already learned and grown familiar to the public. Thus the past season has only given us one performance of the "Messiah," at Christmas, one of the "Creation,"—the two Oratorios which formed the corner stone as it were of the Society at its foundation nearly half a century ago, which in fact constituted its *repertoire*, and led to its double name, coupling together two names which wider knowledge would not probably have coupled—; one work newly learned, the "Dettingen Te Deum" of Handel, and one revival of an excellent new undertaking of two or three years ago, the *Lobgesang*, or "Hymn of Praise," by Mendelssohn,—these two works being given for a patriotic occasion, in honor of the victories of the Union arms after the tide had turned against the treacherous rebellion.

We have also had the "Hymn of Praise" given by a smaller choir, with organ accompaniment only, in a church, under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG. And the same enterprising and accomplished young musician has given a fresh sensation to the real music-lovers by the production for the first time in our city of Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," which is not an Oratorio, to be sure, but a Cantata, and not on what would commonly be called a sacred subject, although it has as much religious sentiment in it, as many an Oratorio, only it is ascribed to the heathens (Druuids) rather to the Christians. Two performances of this we had in the same evening.

In the same connection we may refer to the more private performances of the Ossianic Cantata "Comale" by Gade, by the amateur singing

club under the direction of Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, filling out the evenings with "The flight into Egypt, by Berlioz, the Prayer: *Da nobis pacem*, by Mendelssohn, selections from "Elijah," from a Mass by Weber, &c.

The list is small for Boston. It must be called a barren season in the main, albeit here and there relieved by the upspringing of a fresh flower or two, such as we had not known before, and the charm whereof was doubly grateful. But when will the day come, that shall give spirit, courage and devotion to our old Oratorio Society, or to any other organization which may spring up, to study and master and bring out such works as the "Passion" music and the Christmas Cantata of Sebastian Bach, the *Paulus* of Mendelssohn (not entirely unknown to us), the great Mass in D (*Missa Solemnis*) of Beethoven; or to take up again in real earnest (resolved to conquer the public this time, in spite of ignorant and foolish newspaper critics), the "Israel in Egypt," which is as *popular* in England as the "Messiah" is? True, it is a poor time for any extra enterprise of this sort now; we must conquer rebels, before we conquer a frivolous musical public by the might of Bach or Handel. But let us not forget that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well and in great earnest; that, if we keep up a musical society of several hundred people, spending hours every week in meeting and in practice, it is just as well to aim at the highest, and there can be little danger of setting the mark too high, nor of overshooting the line of public appreciation, if the thing offered to the public be really good and great; that progress is the law of life, and that whatever does not make progress, dies. We want choral societies composed of men and women who love music for music's sake; who esteem it a great privilege to have each other's co-operation, and a conductor's guidance, in the study, practice and performance of great masterworks of sacred Art; who value their pursuit too much, to be dependent on the fluctuating support of any public for the zeal and spirit they are willing to put into it; who cheerfully will tax themselves somewhat for opportunities of realizing such fine things.

The single individual enterprises, above named, have shown us how much can be done, even upon a much smaller scale than that of our "Handel and Haydn." Why may not some of these clubs, or occasional combinations, of fresh young voices, and enthusiastic, energetic, intelligent persons, take the position of permanent choral societies, for the study and performance of Oratorios perhaps—but more particularly larger works in the Cantata form, such as Mendelssohn, Schumann and others have written, and above all some things from the inexhaustible treasury of Bach's Cantatas? Such choirs, not too large, not exceeding 150 or 100 voices, but all, ladies as well as gentlemen, in earnest and fully pledged to the common work, might fill a very important sphere hitherto not filled; at the same time that they would be accumulating and keeping in practice reserved forces for co-operation with the "Handel and Haydn," on great festival occasions, of the Birmingham and Crystal Palace sort, of which this old Society would naturally form the nucleus and controlling centre.—We throw out these suggestions for future use. Meanwhile beginnings would not even now be premature, down in the "primary meetings," in the smaller private singing clubs and choirs.

V. OPERA, much as many people love it under almost every form, has never flourished here save as an exotic,—and that only in traveling specimens. There is no operatic institution yet in Boston; scarcely is there in New York. Short seasons of Italian opera, with now and then a German piece, sung in Italian, are all that is vouchsafed to us by speculating impresarios, with their imported companies, who first pitch their tent in New York, and then traverse the country, chiefly favoring Philadelphia and Boston. The political and financial troubles and uncertainties of the past year have of course affected this class of our musical supplies more severely than any other; because these, more than any other, are chance speculations, and depend on foreign singers who come over upon speculation, and stay no longer than they see fair chance of golden gain. Enough of them, however, have remained (Brignoli, Susini, Mancusi, Mme. d' Angri, Mme. Comte-Borchard, &c.), and enough others have sprung up of native growth, and creditable too, (Misses Kellogg, Hinckley, Mrs. Varian, &c.), to furnish out a decent company, whom Manager Ullman, and afterwards Manager Grau, have not suffered to remain idle. Two flying visits, of about two weeks each, have constituted Boston's share in these not very tempting, although somewhat eagerly snatched at, privileges. The *repertoire* has been almost purely Italian, with nothing new to Boston in it, except the first two little pieces; viz:

Les Noces de Jeannette, by V. Massé, (twice).	
Betyl.....	Donizetti
Un Ballo in Maschera.....	Verdi
Lucrezia Borgia.....	Donizetti
Martha (3 times).....	Flotow
Lucia di Lammermoor.....	Donizetti
Barber of Seville.....	Rossini
Masaniello (twice).....	Auber
Sonnambula.....	Bellini
Norma.....	"
La Favorite (twice).....	Donizetti
Figlia del Reggimento.....	"

A meagre list indeed! And not one thing of Mozart! We must add, however, to the account of our lyrical privileges, one original production, a small work to be sure, the pattern cut to the cloth, in a small place, the "Museum," with smallest possible orchestra, and singers who have rarely sung before, but nevertheless a genuine little *Opera Bouffe*, "The Doctor of Alcantara," composed by Julius Eichberg, the music whereof continues to prove itself fresh, graceful, natural, and exceedingly comical. With the larger means, say of the English Opera in London, it would make some noise in the world.

VI. MISCELLANEOUS. Of miscellaneous vocal concerts, both secular and sacred, we have had fewer than usual. We will only refer to the two concerts given by the "Orpheus Musical Association" (German), who have treated us to some of the best part-songs by Mendelssohn and others, and especially who have given us a chance for the first time to hear one superb work by Schubert, the eight-part chorus: "Song of Spirits over the Waters"; the historical specimens of Church Music given us by Dr. Tuckerman at St. Paul's Church; and a Concert of Catholic music, under the direction of Mr. Willcox, in which parts of Masses, Motets, Quartets, &c., from Mozart, Pergolesi, Weber, Hauptmann, Haydn, Hummel, Rossini, and others, composed an acceptable programme.

Chit-Chat.

The article about the music in the churches of New York, which we copy in another column, is certainly amusing, and may be instructive if one knows how to view it. While the reports thus commenced by the writer will give us some idea of *what* is done in the way of music in the fashionable churches, it may also serve to show us in what an unworthy light, of mere show and amusement, the so-called Sacred Music is regarded by many, even of those who call themselves critics.

Here is a critic, of such accomodating taste and principles, that he starts with the broad acknowledgment that all music, "of whatever style or character always exerts the same influences over the soul!" "Be it sentimental or comic, tragic or light, it will ever awaken the same kindred feeling!" 'Tis a l one! Here is a critic who offsets the "wailing progressions of a *Kyrie eleison* against the charming melodies of *Trovatore*" and avows no preference (well he might not of some *Kyries*); who talks about the *wierd* (!) and thrilling movements of the "Creation;" who sandwiches an unknown "Nativity" between Handel and Mendelssohn in his list of great masters; who goes to church to hear how the singing compares with the Italian Opera! And this is a specimen of whole reams of puerile stupidities, poured out in the shape of "musical criticisms" in the New York and other newspapers, "the leading weekly newspaper of the age" included. But it will be worth while to learn, even from such an observer, what sort of music *is* made in the churches.

MR. FALKENSTEIN'S MASS.—We cheerfully give place to the following note and stand corrected. We were misled by one of the daily newspapers. As we had only the use of our ears on that occasion, and could *see* nothing through the crowd, we looked to the newspapers to learn who sang.

"Mr. Editor:

"Allow me to correct a slight mistake in your report of the performance of Mr. Falkenstein's Mass at the Suffolk street Church on the 8th instant. The choruses were not sung, as stated in your paper, by members of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Orpheus Musical Association, but by the regular Choir of that church. The above named societies were only represented by Miss Eliza Hall and Mr. C. Schraubstädter, both of whom were *engaged* to sing the principal solos.

"These two singers deserve the more credit for their beautiful and expressive rendering of the music, as they studied their parts at short notice (Miss Hall receiving her part only one day previous to the performance). The Alto was sung by Miss Kroeme. In justice to Mr. Falkenstein, I will also mention that on account of other engagements of several assisting musicians, only one imperfect rehearsal could be had on Saturday evening, June 7th.

Respectfully,
Boston, June 18, 1862.

VERITAS."

MR. EICHBERG has received requests from several places out of town for one or more performances of his charming little operetta, "The Doctor of Alcantara." He has accordingly made arrangements to start in the middle of July upon a little tour with it, and give the citizens of Providence, New Bedford, Worcester, and other mirth and music-loving towns an opportunity to see and hear it. He will be accompanied by a sufficient orchestra, and the same singers and actors, who do it with so much spirit here, besides scenery, dresses and all the appurtenances.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION. The annual meeting of the stockholders was held on Wednesday 11th, in the Music Hall, Judge Putnam presiding in the absence of Dr. Upham, who still lends his professional services to his country at the seat of war. The treasurer's report for the year showed: Receipts, \$6443.92; expenditure, \$6080.53; profits \$363.39. The old board of Directors were re-elected, viz; Dr. J. Baxter Upham (Pres.), E. D. Brigham, Eben

Dale, Dr. George Derby, J. M. Fessenden, H. W. Pickering, and J. P. Putnam.

In answer to an inquiry concerning the new Organ, which has been built for the Association at Ludwigburg, near Stuttgart, Germany, Judge Putnam expressed the opinion, from letters recently received, that it would probably be shipped at Rotterdam, and arrive during the summer or fall, the distracted state of the country having caused this delay. At all events the Organ is finished, and the case (a superb design by Hammatt Billings) lies finished in New York. It has been pronounced, by those who have seen it, a perfect masterpiece in workmanship, and is one of the largest organs in the world. The Directors of the Crystal Palace, near London, were anxious to obtain the loan of it during the Great Exhibition season and the coming Handel Festival.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH on Bunker Hill, Charlestown, was dedicated on the 17th inst., by Bishop Goshbriand of Burlington, Vt. The sermon was preached by Bishop Rosecranz of Cincinnati, (a brother of General Rosecranz.) The music consisted of Haydn's Mass No. 16; an Offertory by Costa, entitled *Date Sonitum*, and an *Ave Maria* by Donizetti, performed by the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception of Boston, assisted by Miss Washburn, Mrs. Shattuck, Mr. Samuel Tuckerman, Mr. P. H. Powers, and others, and an orchestra of sixteen musicians. The whole under the direction of Mr. J. H. Wilcox, who presided at the organ.

Fitzgerald's City Item (Philadelphia) holds up prospects of:

MUSIC FOR THE FALL.—An engagement has been effected with Ristori, who will leave for New York, on the first of October, and commence at Niblo's on the 20th of the same month. She will bring with her a company of twenty. One of our opera managers is in London, busy in pursuit of novelties for the American market. He has engaged the sisters Marchisio, and has opened negotiations with Tittoni, who demands \$5,000 per month and the demand will probably be acceded to. He has also secured Verdi's new Opera, for which the Emperor of Russia guaranteed the composer the sum of \$30,000. Its title is *La Forza del Destino*, (the Power of Fate.) It will be produced simultaneously at St. Petersburg and Havana. Perea Nena, the Spanish danseuse, who is just now the Terpsichorean star at the Haymarket, is also to be with us.

OPERA IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The *Herald* and *Mirror* of May 23, says:

Last night *Lucrezia Borgia* was given by the Bianchi troupe to a crowded and fashionable house. The opera was exceedingly well given, Signora Bianchi being applauded to the echo as Lucrezia, and Signor Bianchi, as Gennaro, exhibited a notable improvement on the efforts of the preceding night. Mr. John De Haga is a decided acquisition to the company. Mr. John Gregg has an excellent voice, but does not appear to be as yet at home in Italian libretto. The musical department is admirably managed. This evening the theatre will be closed, to make way for the opera of *Nabucco*, which will be produced on Saturday.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—The *Mercury* of June 14 gives us an account of the "opening," in its new home, of the fine organ built by the Messrs. Hook in this city, of which we copied a description a few weeks ago:

A delightful entertainment was afforded the lovers of music last evening, by the exhibition of the new Organ just erected in the Unitarian Church. The programme was very judiciously made up by Mr. Thorup, with the view of displaying the capacity of the instrument, and at the same time furnishing a selection of choice pieces by eminent composers. The performers were Messrs. Thorup, Hervey and Wilcox. The latter, a accomplished musician from Boston, thoroughly acquainted with the mechanism of the organ, with exquisite taste exhibited the power and beauty of the instrument in a manner that must have given entire satisfaction to its builder, Mr. Hook, who, we noticed, was present. We cannot comment at length upon the programme, but Mr.

Thorup's performance of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D minor" is especially worthy of notice, as giving proof of his ability to do justice to the instrument placed in his charge. Mr. J. W. Hervey, who, we believe, is a pupil of Mr. Thorup, played a flute concerto of Rinck's with excellent effect. The erection of a first-class organ in the city is a matter of congratulation, and it will long be a source of genuine pleasure after it shall have ceased to be novelty.

The entire programme is worth recording in these dry times. (But what, pray, is the tune "America?" Did German Rinck give it that title? And is it not an odd time now to adopt "God save the King" for our national tune, baptizing it "America?"

PART I.

1. (a) Introduction on the Organ, and
(b) Overture to the Oratorio of Sampson. Handel
J. H. Wilcox.
2. Prayer, from "Moses in Egypt." Rossini
Choir.
3. Toccata and Fugue, (in D minor). John Sebastian Bach
A. T. Thorup.
4. Extempore, introducing March from "Eli." Costa
J. H. Wilcox.
5. Te Deum, (in E flat). S. Jackson
Choir.
6. (a) Adagio, from Trio Sonata, (for 2 manuals and
pedals). John Sebastian Bach
(b) Pastorale. Kullack
A. T. Thorup.

PART II.

1. Overture to "Zampa". Herold
J. H. Wilcox.
2. Song: "With verdure clad." Haydn
Miss H. E. Rooth.
3. Flute Concerto. C. H. Rinck
4. (a) Variations: "Harmonious Blacksmith." Handel
(b) National Airs. J. H. Wilcox.
5. Jubilate. Mosenthal
Choir.
6. (a) Extempore, and
(b) Variations on Tune, "America." Rinck
A. T. Thorup.
7. Old Hundred.

It may be interesting to compare a Berlin afternoon (*bier* and *café*) programme, with those of our Boston and Philadelphia "Rehearsals." The one before us is one of Liebig's orchestra of 50 instruments; price of admission 12 cents (only 7 cents, if you buy half a dozen tickets); time last April; place the Odeon, in the Thiergartenstrasse; programme:

Concert Overture, by Rietz; Finale (2nd act) *Don Juan*; Symphony in G minor, Haydn; Overture to "Medea," Cherubini; Symphony No. 4, (B flat), Beethoven; Overture to "North Star," Meyerbeer; March from "Athalia," Mendelssohn; Overture, Freyschütz.

A "Mannerchor" has sprung up in Providence, R. I., called the "Orpheus Club," numbering twenty-two members, not Germans, judging from the name of the President, Mr. EDWIN BAKER, and from the programme sent us of a concert lately given by the Club in the Seminary Hall, East Greenwich. The pieces sung were of very various authorship and nationality; being selected not only from Mendelssohn, Kücken, Cramer, Spohr, Speyer and Meyerbeer, but also from Verdi, Russell, Glover, Millard, &c. The performances have been highly spoken of. The "Orpheus" is the only male chorus, it seems, in the State.

We have before us the first and last programmes of four classical Soirées given by Mr. JAMES M. TRACY, at the Musical Academy rooms—of what town or city the said programmes do not state. The selections are quite above the ordinary. The first (March 10) contains Beethoven's Sonata in F minor (op. 2); Hensel's "If I were a bird;" Chopin's Waltz in E flat (op. 18); and Liszt's paraphrase of the *Tannhäuser* March (all played by Mr. Tracy); a vocal duet (two-part song) by Mendelssohn; Haydn's "With verdure clad;" and various songs and duets by Kücken, Hatton, Wallace, &c. The last (May 5) has three vocal duets by Mendelssohn; another by Abt; Handel's "I know that my Redeemer;" two songs by Schubert, &c.; and for piano pieces, Chopin's Waltz in D flat (op. 64); Beethoven's Sonata in C (op. 2); Chopin's *Ballade* (op. 67).

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Love's cruel dart. Cavatina. "Doctor of Alcantara." 25

Senor! senor! Trio. " " 50

You saucy jade. Trio " " 50

Good night, Señor Balthazar. " " 50

The above are well-known pieces from this favorite Opera. The trio for the principal female voices "You saucy jade" is very amusing, and was executed at the Museum with spirit and energy. Although "Good Night, Señor Balthazar," is sung by four persons, it is not a quartet, but four solos.

The Virgin martyrs of Verdun. Trios for female voices. *Concrite.* 30

A new number of the "Harmoniennes," a collection almost indispensable in Female Schools.

So the day of rest declineth. Sacred Quartet.

L. O. Emerson. 25

One of the collection of "Sacred Gems," much in demand for opening and closing of service.

I am very fond of water. A new Temperance song. *Hatton.* 25

Negro boatman's song. *W. H. Doane.* 25

We bore thee to thy rest, Cordie. Ballad.

H. D. L. Webster. 25

An exquisite and touching ballad.

Instrumental Music.

Styrian Medley. Variations. *Grove.* 50

Kind words will never die. Variations. " 50

Two new pieces by the ever pleasing Grove. The Medley is a string of the choicest of those much admired Styrian airs.

Europa. Galop de Concert. *Adolph Gullmick.* 50

A dashing, brilliant piece, well suited for an amateur show piece. It is fluently written, has striking melodies and bold changes, and, if well played, will please, if not astonish.

The Exile and the Swallow. Nocturne.

E. Gregoir. 25

Everybody knows a charming song by Croizes, portraying the cheerful twittering and chirping of a swallow and the doleful lay of a prisoner who listens to it in his dreary solitude. This Nocturne has a similar subject. An exile from his native country observes the swallows flying towards it, and expresses his feelings in a beautiful, sad melody.

Books.

ONE HUNDRED OPERATIC MELODIES FOR THE FLUTE.

50

This new collection of Flute Music will commend itself to the favor of Flutists, both from the great variety of its contents and from their intrinsic merits. Fifty cents is certainly a very moderate price for so valuable a repertoire of choice music. Amateurs will find in it all that can be desired in a work of the kind.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

